

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Sunday, Jan. 30, 1938



The Maid: "Yes, in This Is the Haunted Room All the Family Have Died in That Bed"

Awful Week-ends

By the Brilliant Satirist **FISH**
Staying in a Haunted House



The Bathroom Door Slowly Opens — and You Forget You Forget to Close It



Noises in the Night! "We Must Go and See What It Is"



The Ghost !!! — She Turns Out to Be Your Sleepwalking Hostess

LAST CHANCE *for* a LIFE INCOME



All Contestants MUST Make Their Choices of Preferred Articles From This January 30th Issue Regardless of Any or All Other Issues They Have Checked

Here Are the Wonderful Prizes You Can Win With Your Answer

1st PRIZE...\$1,200 a year for life, payable \$100 a month
2nd PRIZE...\$600 a year for life, payable \$50 a month
3rd PRIZE.....\$3,000 in cash **6th to 25th PRIZES....\$50 each**
4th PRIZE.....\$2,000 in cash **26th to 65th PRIZES....\$25 each**
5th PRIZE.....\$1,000 in cash **66th to 100th PRIZES...\$10 each**



First Essential is Filling in Entry Coupon No. 5

No Entry is Valid Unless Accompanied by This Questionnaire Coupon With All Questions It Contains Answered

Your selections from this issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

with the Questionnaire coupon and your selections from any one, two, three or four of the previous issues of January, 1938, together with the coupons, are necessary to qualify you as a competitor for one of the Reader Test prizes.

Furthermore, with each set of selections of three preferred articles you are required to send one explanation in 50 words or less telling your reason for selecting your first choice article.

All of your selections, all of your statements of reason for preference, and all of your coupons attached to the proper file of selections must be mailed in one envelope to

**Reader Test Department
American Weekly
316 West 57th Street
New York**

The last day and the last hour that such entries will qualify for prizes is by actual receipt at the above address on Wednesday, February 23rd, at 12 o'clock noon.

Entry Coupon No. 5

AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST "WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

To validate your candidacy for a Prize you must send this coupon with complete answers to all the questions. Neglect to do so will void your entry. Your replies will be held in strictest confidence and your name will never be divulged. This questionnaire is wanted only for statistical purposes.

AMERICAN WEEKLY QUESTIONNAIRE

- Do you read The American Weekly regularly?
- Are you a new reader of The American Weekly?
- How many members of your family read The American Weekly regularly?
- How many persons in your family? Adult men? Adult women?
- What is the occupation of the head of your family?
- What are the occupations of other members of your family, if any?
- Do you own your home or do you rent? How many rooms?
- Do you plan to alter, modernize or repair your present home in 1938? What is your plan?
- What magazines do you buy regularly? Checking? Savings?
- Have you a bank account?
- How many of your family carry life insurance?
- Do you own an automobile? What make? What year?
What tires do you use? What gasoline?
If more than one, please state second choice Ethyl or ordinary?
What brand motor lubricating oil?
- Have you a telephone?
- Have you a radio? What make? How old?
Have you a piano? What make? How old?
Have you an electric refrigerator? Gas refrigerator? What make?
Have you an electric vacuum sweeper? What make?
Have you an electric washing machine? What make?
Electric iron? What make?
Electric toaster? What make?
- What brands of the following do you use:
Cleansing powders Laundry soap Washing powders
Toilet soap Shaving soap
Shaving cream Brushless shaving cream Face powder
Talcum powder Tooth paste or powder Cold cream
Perfumes Other toilet articles
- Do you use any of the following: Write yes or no and state the trade mark name:
Dry breakfast cereals? What brand?
Package cooking cereals? What brand?
Canned food for babies or children? What brands?
Canned soup? What brand?
Canned milk? What brand?
Baking powder? What brand?
Coffee? What brand?
Tea? What brand?
Other beverages? What brands?

Print your name Your age

Print your address
City County State

Sign your name

Fill in this questionnaire and attach it to your entry in the Reader Test competition covering your selection of articles in this issue of The American Weekly. Mail to "Reader Test Department," The American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York City.

All answers must be received not later than 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, February 23rd, 1938.

Rules for The American Weekly Reader Test

"What Interests You—and Why?"

- All competitors must read The American Weekly during the competition period which comprises the five successive Sunday issues of January, 1938, and select the three articles, items or features, all in the same issue, which make the greatest appeal to their interest.
- Each competitor must rate his selections "First choice, Second choice, and Third choice," in the order of his personal preference and state why he makes his "First choice" selection.
- Each explanation of preference rating must be set forth and not to exceed 50 words.
- Clip the entry coupon and fill in the blank spaces as indicated. You must send in one of these coupons for each issue on which you compete. You need not actually clip the coupon from this issue—you may make a facsimile or copy of it and fill in as required in the printed coupon.
- All competitors must send in at least two sets of selections from two separate American Weekly issues and one of these sets must include the selections from The American Weekly of January 30th, the last week of the Reader Test. If only two sets are sent in you have only two chances for the prizes. If all five sets are sent in you have five separate chances for the prizes.
- The prizes will be awarded on the merits of one entry covering your selection from one week's issue only, but all candidates can have five entries and therefore five chances to win a prize, by sending in one coupon and one set of selections with reason therefor, for each Sunday issue of The American Weekly during the contest period.
- Hold your entry coupon and your selections of 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices or features with explanation for your first choice until the end of the competition.
- With the fifth and last Sunday of January issues of The American Weekly there will be printed a questionnaire coupon. This must be completely filled in and answered to perfect your entry in the Reader Test for these prizes. You need not clip this questionnaire from The American Weekly. You may copy it from The American Weekly and fill in the answers on your own copy. But your entry will not be considered unless the filled-in questionnaire and your selections from the last American Weekly Reader Test issue are sent to the editor.
- A complete and valid entry in the Reader Test requires at least two sets of your selections, each set attached to the entry coupon from that issue of The American Weekly. One of these coupons must be the questionnaire coupon which is numbered "Entry Coupon No. 5" and which will appear in the January 30th issue of The American Weekly. All entries must be submitted complete in one mailing.
- All entries must be mailed to "Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York City. All entries must be received by noon on Wednesday, February 23, 1938.
- It is not necessary to purchase the newspaper distributing The American Weekly as its magazine section is sent complete for the prizes. The magazine section may be examined at any of the distributing newspaper publishing offices or at public libraries where such newspapers are available free of any charge, whatever, and the entry coupon and the questionnaire may be copied therefrom, and those copies used instead of the original printed in The American Weekly.
- The Editor of The American Weekly magazine section will appoint a board of judges who will pass on the merits of each competitor's selection and his reasons for his "First choice" selection, and the judges will designate that entry which they consider best of all those submitted. The person who submitted the entry so adjudged the best will be awarded the first prize and the second prize. The judges will be awarded the second prize, and so on until all the prizes have been awarded. The decision of the judges on the prize winners shall be final and irrevocable and every competitor in the Reader Test accepts this condition by the act of entry.
- In case the judges doubt the contributions of any of the contestants for any of the prizes are of equal merit, thus constituting a tie for any of the prizes, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
- Employees of the newspaper distributing The American Weekly, as well as their families, shall not be qualified as contestants.

Death Silences the "Spirit Voice" of Patience Worth

For 25 Years This "Disembodied Intelligence" Which Said It Died Three Centuries Ago, Dictated Novels, Adopted a Baby and Bossed a Living Family, but Now Has "Died" a Second Time



Mrs. George Peters, the former Little Patience Worth, as she is today.

"S" It was the mysterious "spirit" Patience Worth, claiming to be the spirit of a woman who died in Shakespeare's time and as such she was talking through the medium board in the home of Mrs. Frank Peters at Santa Monica, California.

After that prophecy, the second she was said to have uttered in nearly a quarter century of messages from the world of the dead, the voice stopped. Mrs. Curran's family wondered if it would speak again in the prediction, suddenly indicating Mrs. Curran's death would be fulfilled as was the other which dealt with hers. This was last November and a cold Mrs. Curran had caught was developed into pneumonia, bringing death on December 4. With her death the voice of Patience Worth.

The family held what was really a funeral service for two persons. Mrs. Curran, fifty-two years old, and Patience, the disembodied intelligence which selected it was the spirit of an English Puritan girl which found its way back to earth in order to undergo the experience of an incarnated soul.

That some sort of separate consciousness was hovering about, either in or outside of Mrs. Curran, and expressing itself through her, is hardly to be doubted. Spiritists believe that Patience Worth was exactly what she said she was, a spirit from another world. The late Dr. Morton Prince, eminent physician, psychologist and professor of nervous diseases at Tufts College, and some others who investigated the phenomenon were inclined to think it a case of dissociated personality, but there was never any question of that.

The spirit with which the words rushed through Mrs. Curran, under the influence of her own mind, was of John H. Curran, former State Immigration Commissioner at St. Louis, Missouri, was a fairly busy business in her early thirties who read little but was literary substance and as such knowledge of the Shakespearean era as of the Fiji Islands.

Such a person might after many years, leave the vocabulary and personal idiosyncrasy of that period and possibly write a novel in that style good enough to get published, but such a work would be hampered too slowly and painfully. It is doubtful if Mrs. Curran, under normal circumstances, could have produced even one poem in a lifetime of any merit.

From the very beginning Patience Worth's dictation has come through Mrs. Curran so fast that the problem has always been to keep up with her in writing it down. In 1912 the couple heard happened to be enjoying a momentary lull in Detroit and once seeing the Curran household with friends were playing with the toy when Mrs. Curran suddenly cried out:

"I have a message coming. Take it." Mrs. Curran stepped away from the board but her husband watched the pointer as it flew from letter to letter, spelling out the following:

"Many moons ago I lived."

"Again I live, Patience Worth my name."

"If thou shalt live, then so shall I."

"I make my bread by thy hearth."

Thus the invisible stranger introduced herself and announced that she had moved into the family circle. She told in archaic English of her life as a Puritan maiden who worked so hard spinning flax that her thumb had become enlarged and she had died without experiencing the joys and suffer-



"Now will my voice be mute." This message Patience Worth dictated to Mrs. Curran, through the Medium Board, in December, and a few weeks later Mrs. Curran died.



Mrs. John Howard Curran, whose death "killed" Patience Worth a second time.

ings of motherhood. Neither had Mrs. Curran, at that time, thought it was not considered significant at the moment.

Though Patience ate no food and took up no space in the household she certainly did consume a lot of its time and for this she set out to repay them by dictating a series of novels, parables, poems and miscellaneous writings.

There was just one notable exception to her headlong spate of dictation. Patience had stated that at the next evening session she would begin her most important work, a historical novel dealing with the life of Christ. As the family gathered expectantly about Mrs. Curran and she placed her hands on the board, for the first and only time Patience faltered.

"Loth, loth I be," the pointer spelled out. "Yes, thy handmaid's hand do tremble. Wait thou! Wait! Yet do I to set" to write. For a moment the pointer aimlessly crept the board until finally it picked out the sentence:

"Loth, loth I be that I do for to set the grid" the creaking motion of the pointer, then the ghostly author's asked for a pen and quill.

"Wait ye still!" she commanded. "Ah, thy handmaid's hand do tremble."

There were several minutes of silence in the room, then the pointer flew

into action with Theresa's cry in the night.

"Panda! Panda! Telled thee the truth!"

The novel entitled "The Story Teller" had begun and never was there another instant of hesitation to the end of its 640 pages. In one evening the chapter on the crucifixion came through with over 1,000 words. It is difficult to believe that a non-literary woman such as Mrs. Curran, whose words had poured forth such quantities of words without once making a slip in her archaic language.

Even more remarkable than the prose, because of much higher quality, are Patience's poems. For example, the very last line to come through before the prophecy that the voice would soon be mute is the following which was read at Mrs. Curran's funeral:

"MERE SONGS."

"To sing of . . . The ash of ages Maye . . . The bones of kings who mumbled in their pride on other days . . . Black-petalled roses, out an age, have writ this page."

"Mrs. Who may gain say I am the stuff from which the Spring is born?"

The staff that spurs belching her fair morn in verdure and in bloom, From which the sweet perfume exudes, and stinging, bears a dream.

A dream of pageants that passed, Of pageants that could not last, But passing, erie my substance with immortality!"

"Priest, sinner, lord, the beggar in his clout, The mighty hands that make a mighty thrall,"

The stanza reads, its lines not just, One by one became but one.

And then with one part of common and.

Awaiting the hand of God.

Mrs. The common heritage of birth And one in such joy health that she would probably die in her expected childhood.

Patience stated then that this was the right baby to let and ordered them to make the adoption arrangements in advance of birth while the mother was still alive to sign them.

It was done through Mrs. Curran in a promise making the adoption of it in case it happened to be a boy.

But it was a girl with just the proper specifications.

The natural mother died a few days later and for several weeks little Patience's hold in life was feeble. During this period its ghostly mother gave medical advice, such as giving the first doctor and recommending "feeding the child with forced water."

From this it was assumed that little Patience was to be a child reared by a ghost. But Mrs. Curran's words, the spirit voice only gave kindly advice, such as suggesting the child wear quilted Puritan clothing. In an interview the other day Mrs. Peters said:

"We came to think of Patience the spirit, as a wise, thoughtful and considerate member of the family but never did she interfere in my personal affairs. My diet habits and companions were much like those of any other girl. When Mother used to upbraid me as a little girl I sometimes told her. Ask Patience if I am wrong." But these appeals never won me anything.

Mother never felt that she was the reincarnation of Patience nor that I was. Patience to her and to all of us was a distinct, separate personality. Her interest was in Mother, not in me.

So I let it go. But she was always full and she would not call and when Mother was here. Now she is gone just as certainly as Mother is gone.

"After we came to California, I fell in love. That was all of my own accord, just as any girl does and completely without any conscious suggestion from Patience. I did not consult her about my plans to be married. So I married George Peters, but I was quite young and we couldn't make a go of it. About a year ago we separated."

"If Patience wasn't a ghost, what was she?" She may have been that vaguely understood thing, a dissociated personality. One form is amnesia in which a person may lose all recollection of his previous life, even his name. If the first personality returns he loses all memory of the second one. In another form the secondary personality never gets a chance to reveal itself except by talking during sleep or by automatic writing in which the secondary writings to write messages when the primary is not paying attention. Such automatic communications seem to be a form of automatic writing.

Though most poems are laboriously wrought out, occasionally a poet suddenly finds one all complete in his mind, with nothing to do but write it down. It is not believed that these inspirations are of sudden but that the subconscious mind has put in long hours of work perhaps during sleep only tossing the poem into the conscious mind when it was perturbed. Patience Worth may have been a secondary personality doing that for Mrs. Curran, the primary personality. This does not explain Patience's two predictions but on the other hand she was not omniscient. Evidently she did not know that sometime after the adoption Mrs. Curran was destined to have a natural daughter. Eileen, which would make the adoption needless.



Patience Worth Curran, when she was about five, dressed in the Puritan clothes her "spirit" mother selected.

A charming photograph of the child Patience when the "spirit mother" was looking after her upbringing.

Not in a day.

But she was always full and she would not call and when Mother was here. Now she is gone just as certainly as Mother is gone.

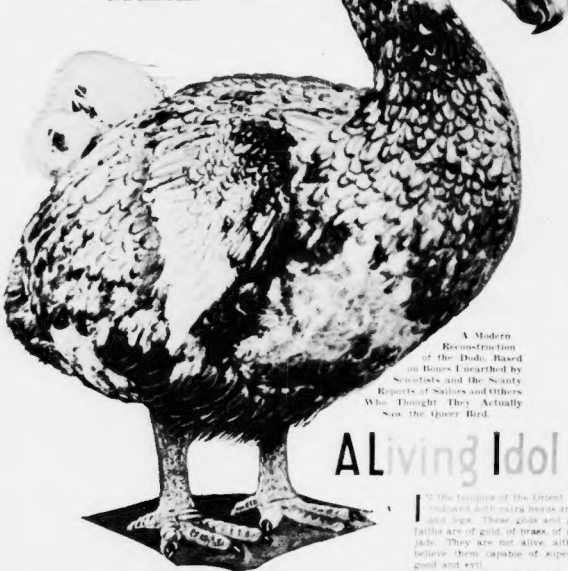
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The Parade of Dodos Across the Top of the Page Shows Four Old Ideas of the Extinct Bird That Has Become a Legend. From Left to Right the Drawings Were Interesting Guesses. Dated 1598, 1665, 1829 and 1834. Even in Those Days, No One Seemed to Know Just What the Old Dodo Looked Like.



A Modern Reconstruction of the Dodo, Based on Bones Unearthed by Scientists and the Scattered Reports of Sailors and Others Who Thought They Actually Saw the Quaint Bird.

Still Guessing About the Dodo

THE dodo hasn't walked the earth for a long time, as the familiar saying, "as dead as a dodo" implies. But scientific interest in the queer and extinct bird never has waned and ornithologists are still trying to make up their minds just what the feathered oddity actually looked like before the last of its species was killed.

Some Portuguese sailors, landing on the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, back in the 15th Century, probably were the first white men to look upon the "frankish" bird that ever lived.

In 1598 a Dutch vessel, commanded by one Admiral Van Neck, put in at Mauritius. In his log the admiral made note of a bird about the size of a swan, having quill feathers but no wings. His crew called it the "Walvogel," or "wingless bird," because it was too tough to eat.

In 1601 another Dutch ship made Mauritius, which is not far from Madagascar, and came back with reports of the funny-looking dodo which they described as "large heavy bird with round stomach."

Twenty-five years later, an Englishman, one Sir Thomas Herbert, visited Mauritius and saw many dodos. Sir Thomas wrote: "The dodo's body is round and fat, and sometimes weighs full fifty pounds. It is of a remarkably strong and its legs are unable to bend it from the ground."

In the middle 1600's dodos, it is believed, were brought to Holland and the British Isles and shown as oddities, and in one or two museums there are skeletons of the creature that hunting sailors swept off the island, which seems to be the only place they were found. But these pictures, as the old prints on this page interestingly show, disagree on the actual appearance of the bird.

Several skeletons, believed to be those of dodos, have been dug up in the African island and from these, and old reports and the few pictures, scientists have tried to reconstruct the feathered freak. The large photograph at the left is the latest scientific guess about the old dodo. Perhaps it's the best guess yet, but no one can say for sure.

Many people have long had the notion that the dodo was a fabrication like the huge sea serpents that sailors were always reporting in the old days. But there is strong scientific evidence that the "vulture" existed back in the 15th and 16th centuries. In many ways the descriptions of visitors to Mauritius agree. The bird was big. It had heavy legs and stowings were not of sufficient size and strength to lift the ponderous oddity off the ground. The dodo may be dead, but it's still real.

ALiving Idol of the East

IN the temples of the Orient there are many thick columns and extra arms and legs. These gods and goddesses of ancient faiths are of gold, of brass, of stone and of precious jade. They are not alive, although their devotees believe them capable of supernatural powers for good and evil.

But these grotesque images have inspired many a dancing team to combine themselves into living creatures equipped with multiple arms and legs, which they move with slow and serpentine grace. One of the most impressive interpretations of a flesh-and-blood idol of the East is given by the three Russian dancers shown in the photograph at the right. Most of their dancing is done in the manner of gods and goddesses.



This Exotic Pose, by Three Russian Dancers, Was Inspired by the Hydra-headed Idols Found in Many of the Ancient Temples of the East. The Dance Is Performed Almost Entirely With the Arms and Hands.

Kentucky's Huskiest Baby

YOUNGSTERS that rate as "bustards" are not uncommon in the mountains of Kentucky, but it isn't every day that doctors and nurses get a chance to observe babies as husky as little Lambert Richard Alsop, Booneville, Ky. The boy was just two months old when the picture was taken. He tipped

the scales at 40 pounds, was two feet tall and growing like a weed. In a diet of mother's milk he was getting on weight at the unusual rate of three or four pounds a month. Lambert's parents, each 18 years old, are normal-sized.



Little Lambert Richard Alsop, of Cumberland Falls, Kentucky, Is Only Six Months Old, but Already Weighs 40 Pounds.

Tried 44 Years To Get Divorce

Monsieur PAUL CIMETIERE, a 56-year-old retired maker living in Paris, appears to hold the world's record for patient persistence in the divorce courts. Forty-four years ago he sued his wife for divorce, and lost. Again, in 1912, he appealed to the legal authorities to set the bonds that held him, in a way, to the woman with whom he had not lived since the early fifties. Again he lost out.

Last March he tried again, with one of the present laws in France, but it was no go. The judge ruled against him. Now he's at it again, but he hasn't much hope that the long battle will be won.

M. Cimetiere has not, however, been a lonely celibate all those years. He long ago "married" although the State and the Church did not sanction the bond and his devoted common-law wife has done what she could to get him the freedom that he really doesn't need.

Building a Freak Home for Living Giant

ROBERT WADLOW, the so-called "Husky Giant," is going to have a new home, to enable him to live in greater comfort than he has for many years. At the moment he towers 8 feet, 7 inches above ground, and sports a belly that he won't get his growth until he has stretched to the amazing length of 9 feet. They also believe that he is the tallest human that ever lived. Wadlow's folks think it's time that they had a place where their gigantic son can live comfortably. He long since outgrew the old home and has to stoop to keep from bumping his head on the ceiling. The plan call for a dwelling with 12-foot ceilings, big rooms and special furniture for the young man—his only 19—who never has been able to adjust himself to normal-sized beds and chairs.

What Ended Princess Pignatelli's Wife's Tolerance

Forgave Her Noble Husband Time After Time for His Philandering, She Says, But When She Received a Telegram of "Love and Congratulations" About His Marriage to Another Woman—Well, Then the Long-Patient Worm Did Turn



Princess Constance Pignatelli, Whose Patience With Her Gallant and Gallivanting Prince Is at Last Exhausted

WHEN Mrs. Henrietta Hartford, shock-absorber widow, with \$14,000 left, married Prince Guido Pignatelli, she did not get clear title of Princess that should have gone with him. The reason was that a long-suffering matrimonial worm had turned at last.

Guido first wooed Princess Constance Wilson Pignatelli, had her get away with a long string of "love and congratulations" about his marriage to another woman—well, then the long-patient worm did turn.

Princess Constance Pignatelli, whose patience with her gallant and gallivanting prince is at last exhausted, is shown in a portrait. She is a woman of noble bearing, with dark hair and a serene expression. She is wearing a dark dress with a high collar and a long necklace. The portrait is framed in a simple, elegant border.

Mrs. Henrietta Hartford, Not Looking Much Like a Grandmother, First After Her California Wedding, to Guido Which Didn't Get Her the Title of Princess

Princess Guido Pignatelli is the son of General Pignatelli, 3rd Duke of Monteleone, and Princess Helena Napolitano Pignatelli of Naples. In 1925, while working at a salary of \$25 a week and assuming as junior captain's rank for the Wall Street brokerage firm of Robert H. and Co., he married Miss Constance Wilson, widow, daughter of the late George Augustus Wilson, Detroit lawyer.



Little Marianna, Daughter of Prince Guido and Constance



Prince Guido Pignatelli, the "Perennial Bachelor" Who Won No Forgiveness for His Latest Romance

I know her daughter, Mrs. Harlan Douglas. Her daughter was a social friend of ours. We often visited her home on Long Island and we used to enjoy playing tennis. Our children used to romp around together too.

Q—So the lady was a grandmother at the time of the marriage to your husband? A—That is correct. I was very distressed about my friend calling my attention to this. I accepted my territory.

Q—Mrs. Hartford, (blame) was about your husband's age? A—Yes. This was about 1925.

It was asserted that as the Princess contributed to the family expenses was one check for \$100 which he asked to have spent on a trip for the little Marianna. The lady thought that was a very unkind thing to do.

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Why Nobody Suspects Embezzlers Until Too Late

They Steal \$200,000,000 Every Year, but They Are Good Husbands and Fathers, and Honest Citizens Until Temptation Hits Them—Yet Most Employees Are Immune to the Lure of Dishonest Riches



Margaret Clark Todd, Ohio Court Engineer, Who Helped Herself to Public Funds to Share Them Generously With Innocent Fellow Workers.



To "Keep Up With the Joneses," Mrs. Helen K. Harper, Bookkeeper, Took \$25,834 From a London Firm and Went to Prison for Three Years.

EMBEZZLERS who steal about \$200,000,000 from employees in the United States this year are as bad as usual. All of those employees, many of them abrupt judges of character who to one thing are sure, will be disappointed to find they were as sure those trusted employees were honest.

The reason is simple though strange. The employees were so sure because their employers actually were honest in thought as well as deed almost up to the moment of their first theft. The embezzler is a man by himself, not a criminal type and the tools of the criminal's arsenal. He is an honest man predestined to go wrong, not if he should as hard to detect that late it, advance as to know while others are destined to be killed in battle.

Drawn from 1,000 of their own cases, the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co. of Baltimore, Md., which averages over 100 of these cases daily to investigate, has given the following composite portrait of an embezzler:

Your typical embezzler belongs to the white-collar class. He is 36 years old. He is married. He has a wife and two children. He is not psychopathic or of feeble mind nor does he live in a neighborhood where crime is widespread. His upbringing has been good. He is not the dishonest pauper in his employer's organization, nor is he the highest.

His friends and very often his wife imagine that his salary is \$100 a month or more, but it is nearer \$175 a month. He has a high school education. He lives comfortably. He has a medium priced automobile, last year's model on which a balance is still owing. He participates in social and community affairs. He enjoys a good time. He likes a drink, but he rarely takes it during business hours.

He lives in every State in the Union, in every province of Canada, in large cities and small cities. He is employed in every type of business. He is competent and smart. He has held his position for five and a half years. His employer regards him favorably and he has honestly earned the position of trust to which he has attained. In short, so far as his past record is concerned he is a regular fellow, a normal individual, with a better than average business reputation and future.

That is no roguish gallery picture but about as far as one could go in the opposite direction. If the likeness of an average last-working, second, responsible citizen. Most anyone might see in that description himself, his father, brother or other useful, respected member of the community. Yet it is the portrait of an embezzler who has betrayed his employer's trust.

The woman embezzler's composite is slightly different. She is three years younger but has held her job a year and a half longer before she steals. However, one man resisted temptation

WHY MEN EMBEZZLE	
Revenge	13
Dishonest Son	13
Blackmail	14
Saving for a Rainy Day	18
Refusing Lost Money	27
Operation of Another Business	102
Mentally Irresponsible	133
Inadequate Income	156
Sickness of Wife, Son or Daughter	169
Speculation	169
Women	169
Bad Business Managers	169
Accumulation of Debts	169
Living Above Their Means	169
Gambling or Drunk	169
Criminal Characters	169
Total	969

WHY WOMEN EMBEZZLE	
Sickness in Family	2
Dependents	2
Operation of Another Business	11
Mentally Irresponsible	13
Gambling	13
Men	13
Accumulation of Debts	13
Living Above Their Means	13
Total	63

for nearly half a century before he finally succumbed before the luring any woman embezzler propagated. Her fall was 22 years. Her salary is only \$125 as against his \$175.

The main difference between the male and the female embezzler seems to be motive. Nearly 90 per cent of men, but more than twice as many women, as men have some other job. The man, not only do other persons put women up to this sort of theft but often furnish defalcations are for the benefit of someone else.

In men, the most compelling motive is a combination of gambling and drink followed closely by living beyond their means. Accumulation of debts comes third, bad business management fourth and "women" fifth. These women, do not include the embezzler's own wife, who looms importantly in the living-beyond-their-means group.

To the woman embezzler, this keeping-up-with-the-Joneses is motive number one, accumulation of debts second, care of dependents third, social irresponsibility fourth and men only fifth in which they tie with gambling and sickness in the family.

Oddly enough, the most recent case of general interest in which a woman was the culprit seems to coincide with all the essential details of the composite picture of a female embezzler with almost startling accuracy. This is the case of Mrs. Helen K. Harper, who has just been sentenced to three years in prison for stealing \$57,824 from a New York City lumber company, where she was employed as treasurer and bookkeeper.

Mrs. Harper, whose age of thirty-three fits with that detail and her husband, who is a motion picture producer, were said to be attempting to

The Desire for Luxuries or a Life Which They Cannot Afford Accounts in All for About 830 of the 963 Cases of Men Embezzlers. And Many of These Result From Sudden Income in Which a Robert Perfection, Honest Clerk or Bookkeeper or Cashier was in Fact, Himself Drugged in the Top Notch of Fashion Among the Spenders.



Endowed for 30 Years, John A. Machray, Looking Always the Honest Citizen, Embezzled \$1,300,000 From Toronto University's Endowment Fund.

right, but mostly on another woman. Probably some girls got it away from her because it is astonishing how rapidly stolen money moves from one unscrupulous person to another.

Equally strange was the motive which caused the downfall of Margaret Clark Todd, clerk in the Municipal Court at Portsmouth, Ohio, who was sent to prison for embezzling \$2,115 from the court funds. It was testified that she had used very little of this money herself but had shared most of it with other attaches of the court for what reason to one ever quite understood.

The prize for fantastic embezzlement probably goes to a man who managed to falsify his books to the extent of \$20,000 without taking a penny of it or ever meaning to. This man, 35 years old with a wife and three children, was the branch manager for a food supply company in Missouri for six years before a careful examination showed a creak-eyed condition of the books.

He then confessed that in order to make a good showing he made entries in the accounts receivable ledger showing that he had made collections on bad and delinquent accounts which his predecessor had given up. The house of the thought him a wonder until it discovered that all these collections were imaginary. To all those bad debtors he had been a "strange Christmas tree" and they regretted his removal from the scene.

A champion for the amount he stole and the length of time he kept his crime covered up is John A. Machray, a Canadian who managed to get away



Mrs. Ethel Buddenhagen Smith, Perfectly Respectable Bride Who Had Stolen \$200,000 for Apparently No Reason Whatever.

with \$1,300,000 over a period of thirty years. Honorary member of the University of Toronto's endowment fund and other funds of the Anglican Church in Canada. His sanctimonious record spread runs in every direction both by theft and bad investments, even holding a fund set aside for pensions for retired ministers. But it is still a good deal of a mystery why he did it and what he did with all the money.

In fact it is so often a mystery as to what embezzlers do with the stolen money as in the case of Mrs. Ethel Buddenhagen Smith, they frequently simply cannot explain what they did with it. It just seemed to melt away. A trusted employee in a Jersey City branch bank, twenty-six-year-old Ethel, stole \$200,000 before they caught up with her and sent her to prison. She was a bride of only a few months when the shortage was discovered, but she had taken the money before her marriage. She had been living on a modest scale and her only extravagance was traveling, so the one explanation she could offer was that the money just dripped through her fingers on her various vacation trips.

Another queer case was that of a Canadian, 26 years old, with wife and three children. He worked honestly and competently nine years for a wholesale company, handling its funds apparently without ever feeling troubled until one day he heard that the company was about to sue out to another concern.

Realizing that this would probably cost him his job, the man was so upset that he lost his mind in helping himself to all the money he felt would not be missed and which happened to be \$2,181.29. His impulsive idea was to use it to tide him along while looking for another position. As he was walking around wondering whether it was a

good idea or not, someone picked up a pocket of stolen money and what happened after the next would be showed him that it was not a great idea.

That case, perhaps more than all others, reveals what it is that tempts honest persons into embezzling. What is really the matter with them that they can be so foolish? Embezzlers are not fools, at least not at first.

But one day comes an afternoon when the predestined embezzler feels he must have money and he helps himself from the treasury. But the way he does it shows how affairs differed in a few minutes from what it had.

In the first place, he usually takes only a very little the first time, usually calling it a "loan," which he intends to put back the next payday. If it goes well he certainly would not for some obscure reason, it never does in real.

More embezzlers instead of giving the first "loan" take a little more and a little more until finally he sees clearly that the aim is too big to make good. When he sees he is about to be caught he turns around and in one of the reasons why real professional criminals happen him.

More embezzlers cannot make their run away. According to the company's 1,000 cases, 28 men and two women took their lives and there were five sudden deaths while the numbers might well have called worlds and 20 more deaths apparently from natural causes before discovery was made. In almost as many other cases the embezzlers continued before anyone suspected.

How could that first fatal "loan" may be shown by case No. 104115, of a widow who, after 10 years of honest work in a department store, took \$20,000 meaning to put it back the next day. Instead she ran the defalcation into a dribble until it was \$136,000 when they spotted her.

The manager of the foreign branch of a moving picture company and some one again against the company's funds on a gift. When an account was well, he explained the money the embezzler himself, himself and the office. He had a wife and a child.

The branch manager of a modest stores company was divorced, and though after paying the alimony he had been a wonder until he fell in love with another woman. To marry the new love he must somehow get rid of that alimony money and finally got his wife to call it off for \$1,467 cash in hand.

The only cash he could put in her hand was his company's, so he "borrowed" that amount and the sheriff dropped in on the honeymoon.

Dramatized From Old Records by
H. Bedford-Jones

No. 5—The Dagger of Cellini.

"A woman?" And what a woman! Listen to this now. I know Cellini's words by heart

Under the iron tyranny of Duke Alessandro, the liberties of Florence were crushed, the re-

"Bah! I can do anything," he exclaimed

Most Famous of Cellini's Larger Sculptures, 1564-65, the Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence, Italy.

About the Time the Episode Told Here Occurred. From an Old Print.

(Continued
 Page 16)

Perseus With the Head of Medusa, One of the Most Famous of Cellini's Larger Sculptures, in the Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence, Italy.

(Continued on
Page 16)

For Baby—Ape's Baby

A Russian Woman Scientist Compares Her Child Day by Day With a Young Chimpanzee and Suggests That Man's Ancestors Were Not Aristocrats

of the Monkey Race but the Thrown-Out Failures



The Ape Baby and the Human Baby Show Very Little Difference in Expressions of Astonishment, the Emotion Dr. Kohls Says Is Depicted in the Two Photographs.

DAY by day comparison of a baby chimpanzee and a human infant have cast new light on man's evolution. It has been pleasantly assumed that man's specific ancestors must have been aristocrats, the best of the anthropoid stock or their descendants would not have conquered the earth.

But the studies of Dr. N. N. Ladigina-Kohls, a Russian scientist now working in the Darwin Museum at Moscow, based on comparative study of her own baby and a chimpanzee baby, suggest to her that humanity is descended from one of the anthropoid failures, shrouded out of the side and natural true life because of the weak hands and forced to earn a precarious living in the tall grass. Then he had to learn to stand up straight on his hind legs in order to see his enemies approaching, the very reason why the biped and better ape shoulder such a hard trip.

Those comparative weak hands no longer used for grasping a stick were free to develop into the delicate manipulating and investigating organ they are today. The hand reaches the branches the brain directs the hand in further search of knowledge. This would be enough to account for humanity's progress from the first chimp—shoulder made using a sharp stone to trim the branches from his club in despair to cause his hands and teeth were not strong enough to do the most complicated modern invention—except for one thing.

Dr. Kohls finds that it is not so much the ape's lower intelligence and was delicate hand that holds him back today but his shiftless, good-for-nothing character. The present race of apes is like the dunces in school who does not learn anything because he isn't interested and won't try.

Somewhere in the remote past man acquired persistence and the purposeful curiosity born in the human infant today but not in the ape. Dr. Kohls wonders if by some accident this character happened to be in the physical weakness when he had to take to the ground and the dangerous shelter of the grass, or did the new handiwork and penis force the poor intellect to assume this character or perch?

Dr. Kohls's work, printed in Russian but with an English resume, was partly an accident. About 23 years ago she obtained a chimpanzee one and a half years old, and for three years kept a painstaking record of the animal's growth and mental development. Later she married a Russian zoologist and, in 1925, had a baby of her own.

Late many another mother kept a baby diary and soon was struck with recollection that many of the things she was jotting down to the credit of her baby Rudy, she had recorded about Johnny, the chimpanzee's child. After that she got out of her old records and, as far as possible, put Rudy through the same tests as she had put Johnny, the chimp.

Their endless similarities were no more interesting than the occasional differences which increased as they grew older. Fear, anger, happiness and many other emotions were expressed as nearly alike as their facial differences would permit, indicating strongly that these emotions and their expressions are so old that they go back to a common ancestor of most all the anthropoids.



Johnny the Chimp, and Beside Him Dr. Kohls' Son, Rudy. The Human Baby and the Ape Baby, Whose Behavior Expressions, Gestures and Reactions She Compared in Minute Detail Over a Period of Years. The Photographs Are a Comparison of Sitting Postures of Each.

was to torture and tease them. It would seem that the ape's ancestors never developed the sympathy which makes keeping pets possible. If man had also lacked it, he could not have domesticated the dog, horse, sheep and others which have made so much in his rise to supremacy. There seems to be no reason why the apes could not have had that trait. But have been known to keep mice prisoners in a kind of domestication and even ants herd aphids and make use of them like much cows.

Perhaps from this sympathy for weaker animals developed the sense of justice which is one of the most complicated problems of civilization. Ape child and man-child showed equally strong property sense. Johnny picked up and hid away for himself even more beads, toys, shiny stones and other interesting objects than did human Rudy. Both, contented surrendering any new and still interesting treasure. But if the boy had more than he could use of any kind, or had lost interest in anything, he was willing to let some other child have it. Not so with Johnny, who never wanted to part with anything, under any circumstances.

Still more important, Rudy the man-child quickly learned a respect for property rights of others, whereas Johnny never could see why anything he could get away with wasn't his. He was constantly stealing and hiding things he did not really want. This trait in human beings known as kleptomania, may go back to a remote period when it was normal behavior for all the anthropoids. Yet this crude hearing instinct, so senseless in the ape, made it possible, when it was rationally developed in man, to accumulate the wealth on which civilization rests. The chimpanzee seemed to be a little less unscrupulous however, than the gorilla.

But human Rudy could weep, like any normal child, at the death or pain of a pet animal not necessary to his existence or even over a strange one run over in the street. Johnny the chimp, in marked contrast, not only showed no signs of regret at such misfortunes but his only interest in animal small enough to arouse no fear.



Here Johnny the Chimp Is in a Playful Mood and So Is Rudy the Boy. Note the Strikingly Similar Expressions of the Two.



Far as Shown in the Chimps' Face, and Ape as Shown in the Human Baby's. A Striking Difference in Expression, With the Ape's Fright Clearly Heightened by Rage.



Dr. Ladigina-Kohls With Johnny the Chimp Asleep on Her Motherly Breast.

Apes and monkeys of all kinds are famous for their curiosity, and man's anthropoid ancestors evidently had their full share, but Rudy showed this was a different quality from that of the ape-child Johnny. A young ape's prying fingers seem to be just as efficient as the human child's in pulling to pieces mechanical puzzles or toys. Both Rudy and Johnny were gaily destructive, but when Johnny the Chimp had reduced anything to its smallest possible fragments, he lost interest and was through. Only Rudy, the human, ever tried to put things together again.

Rudy and Johnny would work equally hard opening a lock, but only Rudy cared to close it. Both learned willingly enough to use cups, bowls, spoons and other utensils connected with the interesting job of eating, but in this as in other work, the baby boy showed something never indicated by the baby ape. Johnny the Chimp was glad to be shown, but Rudy more often than not refused assistance, saying, "Out" or "Mine!", revealing that he wanted to understand the new thing by mastering it himself. The human being, even in babyhood, shows ambition to improve himself in new ways and to understand everything. The ape, in spite of his intuitive talents has no such notions.

As Kipling pointed out, the ape is without persistence. If apes had man's intelligence they would set out to build a city, work furiously a few minutes excavating the first cellar, and then forget the whole plan. That ape character is still so strong in some fairly intelligent human beings that it makes them unemployable. Sometimes, driven by an intense desire to buy a new suit or blouse they are occasionally able to hold a job for a week or two. But the moment they are rewarded enough to make the purchase,

they quit with a groan of relief. Others, like the piffing ape, become provokers and pickpockets. A carefully-planned crime like robbery is beyond their feeble powers of persistence. Dr. Kohls believes that those same character weaknesses rather than lack of intelligence, prevented any of our ape-ancestors from learning to talk. Johnny the Chimp made at least twenty-five varieties of sound, each meaning something definite at the time. But except for a few he did not bother to remember and use them again. There is no reason to suppose that the first ape-like creatures who started out to become men and women had any more intelligence than the higher apes today, if as much.

A chimpanzee or gorilla could learn a considerable vocabulary though possibly spoken somewhat indistinctly if he would set his mind to the task and persist. But persistence is as beyond him as flying. It was, indeed, man's persistence through the ages that finally made flying possible for him. Besides never standing erect like Rudy, unless necessarily Johnny the Ape preferred to sit on his haunches, with legs bent close to his body and the body balanced by his hands on either side. Rudy and other young human children feel when sitting to crouch with the body resting wholly or partly on the heels. Sitting on one's heels is a better posture for a creature surprised by an enemy in the tall grass to jump up and make an escape. A bit of behavior capable to be interpreted as a sign of back of life in the trees is that both ape and human child showed a tendency, when asleep, to grasp tightly hold of something such as bed clothes a bar of the crib or some other object and never to relax this grip so long as the infants were asleep. Such ability to hold on tightly to life-saving, tree limbs probably once was among the first necessities of staying alive at all.

Another thing that must have been fixed in the ape's mind of animals long before man's ancestors got off to go their own way in the lost-limb books. These seem to have been fixed in the ape's mind, but Rudy the human, loved this kind of food, perhaps indicating that the meat part of man's present diet was grafted onto the earlier fruit part some of the original separation of Johnny's ancestors and Rudy's ancestors.

On the other hand, Johnny the Ape was perfectly willing to eat insects even live ones. While Rudy the Human objected so strenuously to this kind of food that even as a small baby he would not eat enormous quantities of flies, even the "flying fly" or worm was found in these. This aversion, however, may have been a personal not an acquired taste in this particular baby. For example, a chimpanzee is known to eat insects that would be found in fruit and certainly there will still be many of these insects which are eaten in particular seasons, or eating an occasional insect or two.

Another trait common to both the chimp and human babies was that of being alone and alone. Just continued contact (companionship) including (what) any solitary aspect of apes and human evolution, if there ever was one, must have occurred very long ago.

Johnny is another I find found in common together or with a number of young apes and a tendency to set up a small nursery in case of such loss. What would be the evolutionary advantage of such a thing?

Both showed looking at picture-books and would turn over page after page. Johnny would overlook some pictures while he would gaze intently at certain ones such as monkeys and caricatures with beards with bright eyes. They showed an equal interest in examining their own bodies.

Both were attracted by colors. Johnny the Chimp matched the colors from a collection of thirty-five plates. One fear found by Dr. Kohls alike in both infants was that of loud and sudden noises, something already well known for human babies. Just what they could have existed in early apes man has to implant this fear so firmly in both the chimpanzee and human races is something about which biologists can do no more than guess.

A more remarkable fact is that fear of snakes was found intense and persistent in the infant ape, although Dr. Kohls' experience with her human baby agrees with that of others in showing the fear either absent or unimportant in human children not artificially introduced to it. Again, evolutionists can merely guess why these events exist.

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The Mail Packet, "Princess," Loading Wood Before She Started On Her Last Trip Down the Mississippi in March, 1859. Boilers Exploded and the Boat Burned to the Water's Edge With a Loss of Nearly Two Hundred Lives.

THE NATCHEZ DAILY FREE TRADER EXTRA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1859.

THE LOSS OF THE PRINCESS. GREAT DESTRUCTION OF LIFE! BOILERS BURSTED & BOAT BURNED.

List of the Killed, Wounded, Missing and Saved.

The New Orleans and Vicksburg U. S. Mail
Master, Princess, Wm. L. J. Lundy, Master, was
killed and James Lundy, Jr., son of the
Captain, killed, while
many others were
wounded.

An Old Natchez Newspaper Heading of the
"Princess" Disaster.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi
River Steamboats.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER IV.

Nobody ever hears of any bad wrecks on the Mississippi River nowadays but there used to be a terrible lot of them in the early days. Snags all up and down the river, shifting sand bars and no buoys to mark the channels made steam-boating risky. And those old boats were a blaze of light from hundreds of oil lamps inside and outside. Some passenger who had gotten lit up at the bar might stagger into his cabin and knock a lamp over or the boat might fetch up sudden on a shallow spot and tip a dozen over. So none of us boatmen were ever surprised to see what was left of a wrecked boat most anywhere.

But I remember a shock I got one Spring day when I was mate of the old side-wheeler Rudolph. I was leaning against the rail up in the bow of the boat and I was thinking what a fine warm day it was. Of course, river men always keep their eyes open watching for anything ahead on the river and pretty soon I spotted something floating down stream. It didn't look like a log or a box or most anything that the boats are always passing, so I shaded my eyes and watched it.

As it came almost alongside, I saw that it was the body of a little boy. He was floating face down and I figured that the little chap must have been carried away from his home by the high waters of the Spring freshets. I took a last look at the boy as we went past and was just going to report it to the Captain when my eye caught something else bobbing up and down just ahead of the boat. It was the body of a woman. I knew this because a woman always floats face upward and men float with face downward—that was what I have always noticed and any old river man will tell you the same thing.

The woman's body drifted pretty close to the boat and I could see one leg was stuck up in the air and the other was dangling down in the water. The leg up in the air had a stocking on it but the other one was bare. This kind of puzzled me at the time, but it wasn't long before I found out the reason.

Then before you could say "Jack Robinson" the river suddenly seemed to be full of floating bodies. They were all men and were dressed in blue uniforms of Federal soldiers. I didn't see any more women or children but these bodies of the soldiers came floating along, dozens and dozens of them, like drifting cordwood. Of course, the Captain and pilot and everybody aboard the Rudolph was at the rail by this time and nobody could figure out what it all meant. But when we tied up in Memphis a couple of hours later we heard what had happened.

The steamboat Sultana had been wrecked by an explosion and had sunk at Memphis. She was the first boat that was allowed to make the trip from New Orleans to St. Louis after the Confed-

erates had lifted the blockade that they had clamped down on the Mississippi River during the war. The Sultana had several passengers, but most of her accommodations were taken up by more than 2,000 Union soldiers on their way to their homes in the North—but mighty few of them ever arrived there. They were a happy bunch, figuring they would soon be home with their wives and sweethearts, when all of a sudden "Ker B—OOM!" The big boat shivered and the decks seemed to rise right up out of the water, filling the air with flying wreckage and bodies and down went the Sultana like a rock.

We didn't stay long in Memphis and I never heard just exactly what happened. Some said the boilers blew up and one story was that a Southern sympathizer planted an explosive shell in the coal the Sultana was loading at the dock. Like in a cyclone or a big wind, an explosion like that can do some mighty strange things. That woman whose body I saw floating down the river with one stocking on and the other off—the explosion had killed her dead as a doornail and stripped off one stocking clean as a whistle but hadn't left a scratch on her anywhere.

Some people have a notion that river boating must be safe because they figure there can't be howling storms like the ocean liners have to face out on the ocean. But I can tell you the wind on the river can be just as wicked as it ever is at sea—and it cuts capers and does stunts you would not believe.

I got caught in a rip-snorting cyclone one time and I reckon it was about as bad a one as ever hit the river country. That was back in 1896, about thirty years when I was Captain and owner of the J. J. Odell.

We'd just got our cargo aboard at St. Louis when along in the middle of the afternoon the sky commenced turning black. I didn't like the looks of it but the only way to make a steamboat pay is keep it moving. So I was fixing to shove off when along came a man from the St. Louis weather bureau, all out of breath. He said they sent him out to tell all us steamboat captains we better stay tied up to the dock because this storm looked like it was going to be a humdinger.

Anytime a captain starts to worrying about something the first thing he does is get himself a cup of coffee. That's what I did. I was in the pantry getting myself a cup of coffee when a passenger came up and asked me what I aimed to do. When a storm is coming up, a captain mostly always lets on like there's nothing to it in front of the passengers. It doesn't do any good to get them all stirred up—just makes it harder on him. But I knew this man right well. He was a tight-lipped storkkeeper named Henderson, and not the kind of fellow to throw a compulsion fit.



"Excitement of the Ladies on the Storm of Fire" When the Boilers of the Steamboat "St. Nicholas" Exploded on the Missouri River in 1859 Causing Hundreds of Deaths by Fire and Scalding Steam. From a Rare Old Print.

"Well, I don't mind telling you I'm going ashore and buy myself another hawser," I said.

He let out a laugh.

"Cap'n Rosche," he came back at me, "I just been counting the ropes you got this boat tied up with and you've got six on her already. That's enough to hold an ocean liner."

"Mr. Henderson," I said, "you better count 'em again. There's seven and before much longer there's going to be eight."

Well, while I was in the store watching the clerk weigh out my rope it came over me all of a sudden that what I needed right then was some new clothes. So I blew myself to a whole new outfit—dark blue suit, shirt, socks, underclothes, shoes, everything from top to bottom, and a white silk captain's cap. I put them on right there and told the clerk to send my old stuff over to my boat.

But it never got there and I didn't either. Just as I was buttoning up my new coat that cyclone tore right into us. The roof of the store caved in and chunks of plaster commenced raining down all around me like hailstones. It sure looked like the world had come to an end. The whole building rocked back and forth and twisted around, first one way and then the other, crumpling up at last like it was an orange crate. The rafters were smashed to splinters, and a big beam let go and crashed right down by my side. A man who had been standing next to me at the counter was down on the floor, flopping about, with blood all over him. I couldn't figure out at first where he was hurt, then I saw that beam had sliced off one of his arms at the shoulder. It made me sick to look at him, but I helped him get up and we both ran outdoors.

I took a good look at the river and let me tell you I never saw anything like it. There were

"OLD MAN RIVER"

Chapters From the Vanished
Its Tributaries---Romantic,
Heroines and Heroes, Boats
Who Traveled the Historic
by the Last of Its



"There was rumble and creak," but Jim yelled out
"Over all the interval now the bank
'Till hold her nose again the bank
'Till the last galoot's ashore."

From the Well-Known Ballad "Jim Bladso," Written by John Hay

about half a dozen steamboats tied up at the wharf, and they were bobbing up and down like fishing corks. They kept jumping and jerking at their hawsers, ropes as big as your arm, and pretty soon those lines started snapping like sewing thread. Great big waves, black as tar and pretty nearly as tall as the smokestacks, came tumbling down all over those boats until you couldn't hardly see them.

A door ripped off of some building came sailing right toward me like a kite, only faster than any kite ever I saw, and I ducked just in time to keep it from cutting my head off. A little ways off was an elevated railroad held up by iron girders and



Two Sailors Had Just Been Released From Prison

Replied the Doctor Dryly, "What is it you're hectoring for?"

I BELIEVE ME OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS — our
Ladies' First of May! My dear, can I not
show the British colony in Illinois who
believe in you for ever? — the British
and the English great in my new, sweet
Ladies.

5 BOB COOPER Future tobacco auctioneer who then sells 20,000,000 lbs of tobacco yearly. He says, "I know tobacco and I pick lukes. They suit my throat and my taste." Sworn records show that a man who sold tobacco expert-like Mr. Cooper has never had two as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarette companies combined. With men who know tobacco best, it's lukes 2 to 1.

Have You Heard The Chant of The Tobacco Auctioneer?

Given to: **"YOUR HOLLYWOOD PARADE"** with Dick Pearson
Wed. noon 1942 8-1

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Everybody Was Sure Her Prize-Winning Face and Figure Would Insure Her Career as an Actress, But She Couldn't Even Get Started Until She Made Up as a Scrubwoman—and Then Became a Success



Miss Catherine Whitcomb
At Mt. Airy



The Shout Crying Jew, one of the Tiny Things at Which Cellini Was a Master

(Continued from Page 8)

...to do with any... I must tempt you... I must conquer you... I must conquer you... I must conquer you...

EMPIRES OF THE MOON

Dramatized from Old Records by H. BEDFORD-JONES

Hand on full Cellini swung around. A door had opened. A young man stepped in the utmost agonized piteous with jewels... to join any intrigue, spoke up... to join any intrigue, spoke up...

...of it. Now he turned... of it. Now he turned... of it. Now he turned... of it. Now he turned...



One of the Best Known Portraits of Artist and Adventurer Cellini - His 400 A.D.



WHO WILL BELL THE CAT?

ONE of Asop's fables tells of a convention of mice to consider the case of the cat which had destroyed many of their number and was a daily terror to them. They voted to put a bell on the cat—but not one of them volunteered to do it.

community can start a movement which will help to reduce automobile accidents. The Metropolitan will gladly supply, without charge, the new film "Safety in Numbers."

Form for Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, including fields for Name, Address, City, and State.

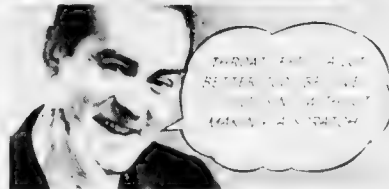
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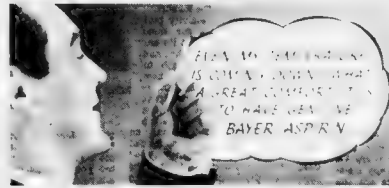
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...of a cold and pain ways to relieve the pain... of a cold and pain ways to relieve the pain... of a cold and pain ways to relieve the pain...



15c

"OLD MAN RIVER" By Captain Louis Rosche,

Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats

(Continued from Double Page)

saw them no more afterward. But I saw our chief mate carried further than most once. His boots were frightened, especially his seals. He was clothed in linen and raw cotton to his waist, and resembled nothing human. He was often out of his mind, and then the pain would make him rave and shout and sometimes shriek, then, after a period of dumb exhaustion, his disordered imagination would suddenly form the great room into a forest, and the hurrying throng of nurses into the crew, and he would come to a sitting posture and shout: "Hump yourselves, hump yourselves, you pettifaring, little fellows, little beavers! Going to be all day getting that hateful of fright out!" and supplemented this exclamation with an emphasis of profanity which nothing could stay or stop till the water was empty. And now and then while these frenzies possessed him, he would tear off handfuls of the cotton and expose his cooked flesh to view.

It was but for the others of course, the noise and these exhalations, so the doctors tried to give him morphine to quiet him. But in his mind or not at all, he would not take it. The next time I saw him, carried to the death room, insensible and exposed to be, he was not there. He arrived, turned his attention and seemed to be taken back. He went to the house of a steamboat again.

That's the way it is, people, people that you wouldn't figure out any chance, again, some times and then again, but husky men not near the boilers get killed.

The kind of steamboat first built by Robert Fulton couldn't run in shallow water, but before my time Captain Henry Shreve figured out a way to get around that. He had a steamboat, called the Washington, that was a good deal like the old flatboats I've already told you. It could run in about three feet of water because it had a flat hull, but not much of a keel. He put the engine on the four wheels and the water and instead of having a paddle wheel on each side, it had just one in the middle, and it pushed it down. So far as I know the Washington was the first stern-wheel steamer, and it really opened up the steamboat business on the upper Ohio and the smaller streams that empty into the Mississippi.

One day the Washington had just started down the Ohio River from Marietta with a big load of coal when a cyclone blew her out. With the engine on the first deck, she just sank. The keel was right in front of the cylinder, and sealing water and steam shot out all over them. Some of them had their eyes put out. Others started burning their noses, others started burning their heads and when they did they peered the other right off. For quite a while after that a lot of people were very nervous of riding on a "stern-wheeler" as some folks nowadays are going on at Louisville.

The trouble one of a terrible thing that happened when the boilers of the Confederation blew up just off Point Osage on the Mississippi, killing twenty or thirty people. Five men was just about loaded alive in his cabin. His hat clothes stuck to the carpet and when they lifted him up his clothes, most of his skin and quite a bit of his flesh peeled right off of his body. But he lived for several hours, and was examined right up to the end.

Another mighty bad explosion was when the four boilers of the Missouri went up all at the same time, just after she set out from Cincinnati. Boilers were thrown away out to both sides of the river, some landing on the Kentucky shore and others on the Ohio shore. A lot of them were

thrown over a quarter of a mile. The captain was standing on the deck above the boilers falling to his knees. He was blown high up on the river bank and killed, but the man he was talking to was just knocked over backwards and wasn't hurt at all.

Speaking of the Missouri brings to mind an old superstition we used to have on the Mississippi about naming a boat with a name that begins with an "M." That was supposed to bring it bad luck because it made Old Man River jealous. Any way, a lot of boats that began with M did blow up, burn up or sink and go down. I remember quite a number of them.

Metamora, Missouri, Mississippi, Mayflower, Mississ, Mary Bell, Mohican, Missouri, March, Marie. A third of mine was offered a job as first mate on a new boat that was being built and was going to be called the Charles Belcher. But just before she was launched, the owner changed his mind and named her the Magnolia. Soon the first mate was killed and then the job went without ever setting foot on her, and on her last trip out of New Orleans she was lost down the water way.

Mostly everybody has heard the song about "Steamboat Bill," but I recall about the water way of poetry that was ever written about the all day on the Mississippi. Jim R. told me.

It was written by John Hay, who was sent to England later on as United States Ambassador, and it was about a short engineer who kept the engine going and had the nose of the burning boat against the river bank until all boats got ashore. The engineer was burned to death. His real name was Fairchild and his boat was the Fairchild, but Hay called him "Jim Rube" and his boat the Prairie Belle. I remember the whole of that poem, but don't know if ever burned up or not.

Hay got the story from Fairchild's son and one day while he was working on a New York newspaper he saw some of them and decided that some of the poetry on a scrap of paper. He was about it to the editor and he printed it. People all over the country took it to right away, and it was printed time after time in other papers and in Europe too. It's a long poem, but here's part of it, just to show him it goes.

There was a train and a circus, but Jim yelled out:

Over all the infernal row, I'll hold her nose against the bank Till the last gallop's ashore.

And here's your turn, they all got off.

After the amphitheatres fell, And Rube took went up alone.

To the shock of the "Prairie Belle."

He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing.

And went for it like and then, And Christ ain't against to be too hard.

On a man that died for men.

Old time rivermen didn't figure Jim Rube did anything extra fine, we all know lots of angles, ways and captrains that stayed right in the boiler room or up in the pilot house till the last gallop ashore. And some of them, like Rube, never got ashore.

A lot of times I've had passengers ask me what I feel like to be in a sinking boat. To tell the truth, officers have so much to do when a boat's going down they don't have time to think how they feel. One night when I was first mate on the Endell LaBarge, I was eating my dinner in the main cabin when all at once the deck rose up right at me and the next thing I knew I was sprawling out on the floor with broken dishes and people all over me. I grabbed my lantern and ran down to the pilot and sure enough, I could see we had hit a snag. Water was boiling up through a big hole in



The Mysterious Escape: From Death of Miss Carrie E. Brown, an Old Pilot Showing an Exciting Incident in the Collision of Two Mississippi River Steamboats, the "West-ern Warrior" and the "H. R. Holt" on January 30, 1853.

the bottom of the boat and she was going down fast. We didn't have time to get out of the lifeboats. All we could do was get the passengers up over the hurricane deck, which is the highest part of the boat except the pilot house. The water kept on rising higher and higher all around us until it was just about washing over the top of the hurricane deck. It was so bad that we were in for it. After a while I noticed the water wasn't getting any higher and the boat was steady as a house. It had settled on a snag and it struck bottom and we were safe. So we got the passengers quiet and started trying to save some of them.

We managed to get some of the boat out, and I got out with me along with a rowboat to pick up those that were still floating around in the water. There had been a hundred or more on board and we picked up about forty. There we saved a horse by hanging on to its nose and pulling it ashore.

I went around to three or four farm houses and got them to pick up a mess of bacon and eggs and took it back to the boat with all the milk and bread I could get hold of. The passengers mostly women and children, had their supper up on the hurricane deck and slept up there the best they could. The next morning we moved them all ashore and hired enough wagons to get them over to Jefferson City.

One night the steamer Tennessee was passing through a narrow channel when a snag near Natchez. A hole about the size of a shoe was ripped in the bottom and she started going down fast. She only had one lifeboat and the crew took off as many of the passengers as could get in it.

One man was ashore holding a bag of gold, about \$5,000, between his teeth. About sixty people who jumped overboard were drowned. But all who stayed on the boat were saved because she floated on down the river a little piece and fetched up on a sandbar.

Another time the big side-wheeler Gulfing Star ran into a field of floating ice near Beale's Landing, Tennessee. The ice breakers ground her to pieces and the hull sank in a short while and the main cabin broke loose with most of the passengers in it and floated on down to Point Fairview, Missouri, where it was found ashore.

Then there was the Belle Zane that struck a snag while coming her way through the ice. She was pretty nearly chocked up the river just below Cairo. All the passengers, a lot of them women and children, were up on the roof of the main cabin when it broke away and floated down the river. The cabin kept sinking deeper and deeper until everybody was standing about knee deep in water and floating ice. But when it looked like everybody was going to be drowned or freeze to death the cabin swung around in an eddy and ran up on a point of

land. Everybody got ashore, but the cold was something awful and there was no way to make a fire. Some of the men started out for help but it was hours before they got back and finally a fire of the women and children was so badly frozen they died.

A friend of mine who said to be the first mate on the Belle Zane once told me about a bad storm coming, the one that sank my boat, the H. R. Holt. They saw what was coming and had to get out of the river. They figured they were safe so they dived down the fire in the furnace to save coal, but when the storm hit

them it tore the boat loose and swept them out in mid-stream. They didn't have up enough steam to make any headway and for a while it was looked like the wind would send them over any minute. But they worked like fury getting up a head of steam and at last they had the boat headed up stream and could hold her away from the shore.

After the wind went down they came across the wrecked Peruvian, which had run ashore and had a big cottonwood tree smashed down into her cabin, several passengers and a lot of horses and mules had been killed. A little further on they sighted

the steamer Sampson which had run aground just below New Madrid and was burning up. Her passengers were all on the shore, but they hadn't managed to save much of their baggage.

I reckon one of the worst weeks on the river in the old days was when the Louisville and the United States ran into each other. It was in the daytime and I never have heard any good reason for it, but soon after they smashed together they were both on fire. They burned down to the water line. Most likely the jar when they rolled back shook something out of the furnaces into the fuel bins, or maybe upset coal oil lamps that were mostly always burning in the hold.

Pretty nearly anything could happen when a big steamboat ran into something or hit a snag. One afternoon the City of Cairo was steaming along, as powerful as anything when all at once there was a terrific crash and before the boat could get away it had opened the whole boat was full of steam. Right away somebody started that they had a snag which had gone through the boilers. The officers had a hard time keeping the passengers from jumping overboard because nearly everybody figured the boilers would go up any minute. Then the engineer discovered the snag had broken loose a steam pipe and the boat hadn't hit a snag at all but just scraped over a sand bar.

During the war the steamboat business on the Mississippi was pretty well tied up. The Confederates had a blockade at Herby Point, just below Cairo. They had a chain across the river, but all the Northerners managed to take it out. Then the Rebels set up another blockade at Victoriaburg where they had a lot of big guns on the high bluff, so none of the Federal boats could get by. Federal boats lay above Victoriaburg for quite a while on the Gray Eagle, just asking to be shot down the river to New Orleans and capture it. But he knew better than to try to run past those Confederate guns, because the Rebels were so much shot. They would have been his decks clean loose from the hull.

But you know what that confederate did? He dug a canal that a what he did dig it on the west side of the river, and sailed his boat around Victoria and down the Mississippi. One time supposed to be Southern sympathizers burned up ten Federal boats at anchor near the St. Louis levee and another time six more Northern boats were burned.

Both the Confederates and the Northerners would make fighting boats out of regular steamboats. They'd strip them down until not but their engines and hulls. Then they would build up a sort of breastworks out of ten by ten timbers and poke cannons through holes cut through them. I've heard about a lot of different kinds of river vessels but I never have heard any good reason for it, but soon after they smashed together they were both on fire. They burned down to the water line. Most likely the jar when they rolled back shook something out of the furnaces into the fuel bins, or maybe upset coal oil lamps that were mostly always burning in the hold.

One day when the Buzzard was steaming alone in a huge open stretch on the Arkansas River the engineer fired his engine as they would run along without him and came up to the cabin. The captain asked the wheel as the wheel, and the captain straight ahead and came down to join him. They opened up a jug of whiskey and sold the passengers to have a drink and sit in at a game of faro. The owner was so selfish he didn't mind about that one was going down. But the captain and the engineer kept on drinking and playing cards and the owner kept on feeling.

"Man alive," the passenger started, "what's two lines from New Orleans?"

"I kind of suspect something like that," the owner replied, as he turned round to look at the captain. "What if you don't see something?"

"She's been a long, long time," the owner replied, "and I've never seen any more of her. All I wish a what she could have settled up for what I put in her before she goes down."

"Why don't you tell the captain what to do?" the passenger begged.

"No," the owner started fidgeting again. "It's again the law for anybody to interfere with a captain when a steamboat is on the river."

So nobody did anything, and the Buzzard really did go down. But the river wasn't so very wide and everybody got ashore. The owner went to the bank holding his nose in his mouth and his bubble under one arm.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Stepping out?

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But you'll like Old Golds for still another reason. Buy them where you will, in any climate, anywhere. Old Golds are always **FACTORY-FRESH** thanks to a special, weather-tight, double cellophane package.

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Old Gold CIGARETTES

THE FINEST OF THEM ALL

Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens at the Top and Inner Cellophane Seals the Bottom

EMPIRES OF THE MOON

Dramatized from Old Records By H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 16)

days after her honeymoon in the morning.

He phoned at her apartment. His gaze flitting the air of passion, the glowing fire, the consciousness of her beauty the recollection of all she offered, swept all else away. He caught hold of her, drew her to him, kissed her hungrily, brushed her against him, then, after a moment's length and stared again. She was very pale. Her eyes, aglow with a sacrificial fever, were like stars, yet the glow was not for him.

"I don't understand you," he broke out. "You refuse me nothing."

"Nothing," she said as he

passed. His black bones drew down.

"Yet you seem so distant!" he said as though you were kissing a mere other man."

"True," she said quietly. "There is one other man whom I desire to kiss. Benvenuto. One only. Why complain?" I give what you demand. All my passion is reserved for him. A passion that kills every other feeling in me. I desire him for my family and friends in exile, passion for liberty, for Florence. This body of mine is less than nothing. This people, all my emotion is in that thought."

"God save me from a woman!"

(Continued on Page 18)

For finer FRESHER Flavor... Smoke Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS

[illegible]

Pattern 3812 HERES A DASHING COAT-FROCK ON VERY SLIM LINES. NOTE ITS SHIRT-TWAISTED EFFECT-DESIGNED IN COTTON CRASH. Designed for women's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 6 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

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"ALL WE
then why d

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal Whole Corn Green Beans Pumpkin Molasses Toast Milk or Coffee Lunch Lettuce Bacon Baked Beans Mashed Potatoes Salad Pumpkin Muffins or Hot Sauce, Syrup, Tea	Breakfast Shred Beef Cereal Scrambled Eggs Pumpkin Lettuce Lunch Hot Chicken Beans Browned Onions Sweet Corn Left Over Baked Beans Ice-Cream Roll Fruit Bread Macaroni Cakes	Breakfast Baked Beans Cereal Scrambled Eggs Pumpkin Marmalade Coffee Lunch Hot Chicken Beans Creams of Mushroom Hot Stew Breads and Cauliflower Canned Pears Cookies Tea	Breakfast Omelette Creamed Dried Beef Pumpkin Lettuce Coffee Lunch Lemon Beef, Lamb With or Without Onions Buttered Spinach Apple Muffins Pumpkin Custard Dinner Philadelphia Pudding Pasta Lettuce Tomato Jelly Salad Savory Fritters Dried Beans Chocolate Blancmange	Breakfast Omelette Cream Whole Cakes Lettuce Coffee Lunch Lemon Salmon Creamed With Peas Pumpkin Garnished Salad Sweet Dressing Omelette Apple Dumplings Tea Dinner Cream of Lentils Soup Broiled Salmon Fish Steamed Potatoes Green Peas or Beans Lettuce Oysters Dressing Custardy Pie	Breakfast Cereal French Toast Milk or Coffee Lettuce Coffee Lunch Baked Pork Meat Pie with Baking Powder Bread Cabbage and Beef Steak Fruit Cakes Tea Dinner Oyster Stew Buttered Scallops Green Beans Vegetable Salad Crown Steaming Browned Sugar Pie	Breakfast Shred Cheese Cereal Egg Coffee Lunch Chicken Fritters Steak Baked Beans Mashed Potatoes or Rice Spiced Potatoes Cider Watermelon, Pudding Tea Betty Hull Cakes Coffee Lettuce Waffles Hot Buttered Toast or Waffles Custards Home

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

GOOD gravy is a most important addition to meat dishes, especially in winter when there is need of both fat and flavor to make potatoes and other starches more interesting. Further, unless we prepare good gravy from the juices left behind in the roasting pan or pot, we are wasting the valuable extractives dissolved out of the meat during cooking.

Once the cooked meat is removed from its cooking pan, the housewife faces the makings of good gravy. If there is not enough moisture, more must be added; if there is too much fat, some must be removed. The two chief faults to be found in gravy are excess grease and lumps.

flour, and only a creamy consistency can result from its use.

the ruddier tomato juice or catsup and chili sauce.

Celery tops, added to the cooking gravy, yield a pleasant flavor while the traditional spray of parsley, onion, chives or cut clove of garlic are all excellent. As are mushroom stems. And ripe olives chopped or sliced give a particularly luscious zest to saucers.

On the fruit side, certain fruits may be used with care in Arris-

But unless the roast is properly cooked, it is useless in attempt to make good gravy. And by properly cooked we mean cooked at the right temperature so that sufficient juices have dropped into the pan, with added moisture. However, there should be no overly-brown hard crust around the pan, and no remnants of

has seed, come to tables a gravy in which two distinct layers could be observed: a top transparent layer of pure oil or fat, and the lower darker layer containing the meat pieces. In good gravy there positively must not be this separation, but a homogeneous consistency.

Now a word about the flavor and color of this simple sauce. If the meat from which it is made is highly juicy and full of blood and extractives, no other flavor or color is necessary. But should the meat become dry and less tasty, it becomes necessary to fortify the gravy with added color and taste.

at quite novel gravies to accompany various meats. Thus a handful of cranberries added to a smoking roast will give an odd, sharp, pleasant change. If canned or dried peaches, apricots or raisins be added to the meat while cooking, another tasty sauce will be achieved, as will raisin sauce for roast or boiled beef, an excellent accompaniment.

Par, gravy may be defined as

really easy. First, remove all excess oil or fat by up-ending the cooking pan and from one side use pouring off the grease into a small bowl. Allow only 4 tablespoons of fat to remain. Place pan on top burner of range. Very hot heat, and in 3 and 4 tablespoons of flour. Stir flour and fat together until smooth and while doing so, pour in slow-

In other days, mother used to keep on hand what she called "browned flour," made in occasion and stored in a jar or tin until needed. To make this, a quantity of white flour was spread in a shallow pan and allowed to bake under slow heat, constantly stirred until a light brown or nut-brown shade. There is nothing in the matter with this method to

It was only a few weeks ago that roast turkey and similar heavy meats brought good gravy to the fire in the holiday dinner picture. How was such "quiet gravy" prepared? After

When a roast is made in the 190° (1) in which a roast of meat has been cooked. This may be an open pan dry oven roast like a rib roast of beef, leg of lamb, shoulder of mutton or veal, or any of pork. Or pan gravy may result from cooking a cut of pot roast in a closely covered deep kettle after the meat portion is known as "braising." Fowl like poultry pan gravy with rich extractives which make chicken gravy so desirable as a medium for dunking hot biscuits or cornbread. All roasts yield gravy to a degree deter-

And when we say "fine" we mean it. Two-often this flubbing touch to making good gravy fails because the strainer is not really fine. Many of the familiar wire strainers used in kitchens are far too coarse and wholeness for gravy making. It is great irony to truly what is spoken of as a

But in keeping with the rapid short-cuts so characteristic of our time even in cooking, it is often preferable to add color and flavor in a simpler way. Either the addition of a couple of beef bouillon cubes or a few drops of some palatable sauce will accomplish the same results, depending on which device is preferred. There are also several excellent vegetable extractive sauces as well as mushroom sauce. Worcestershire, black walnut catsup and

poorly off an hot 4 to 6 table-
spoons of the fat, 1 to 6 table-
spoons of flour were added and
cold water, to the turkey extra-
fat in the pan, and the mix-
ture simmered for 10 or more
minutes. Then the chopped gib-
lets and their cooking liquid, hav-
ing been previously prepared,
were added. The same oil may
be followed in making other
sauces with chopped ingredients.
First, perfect the smooth gravy,
then add the finely minced and
seasoned solid ingredient, heat
well and serve immediately.

By Mary Lee Swann.

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pineapple Muffins

and soft 2 cups 6

Mix all dry ingredients in a large bowl. Add 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat 1 egg and add 1 cup mashed pineapple and 4 tablespoons melted butter or lard. Add to flour mixture and stir just enough to moisten the flour. Fill greased muffin pans about half full and bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, 20 to 25

Bread-Crumb Macaroons

crumbs with 1 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 cup chopped nuts. Beat 2 eggs until light, add 1 teaspoon vanilla and cranberries with dry ingredients. Drop from tip of teaspoon onto greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, about 15 minutes or until lightly browned.

Sour Milk Biscuits.
and sift 2 cups fl

M teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Work in 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening. Mix lightly with about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, stirring just enough to hold dough together. Toss out on lightly-floured board. Knead gently for about a minute. Roll out about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick. Shape with a small biscuit-cutter. Bake in a hot oven or at about 375 degrees, 10 to 12 minutes.

Dramatized from Old Records, By H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 18)

I did it rather gingerly.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, in widening comprehension. "Then—then—"

"I know," Parton nodded grimly. "But the manuscript doesn't say what because of her."

The End.

—then why do so many of them risk Cosmetic Skin?"

—then why do so many of them risk Cosmetic Skin?"

LOVELY SKIN IS VERY APPEALING BUT COSMETIC SKIN RUNS A GRAVE CHANCE OF BEING ATTRACTIVE

ADVISE EVERY GIRL TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN AS 100-8Y REMOVING STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

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IT'S when pores are choked that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dirt, dirt, stale makeup and powder thoroughly. Use cosmetics all you wish! But use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up. ALWAYS before you go to bed.

LORETTA YOUNG
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

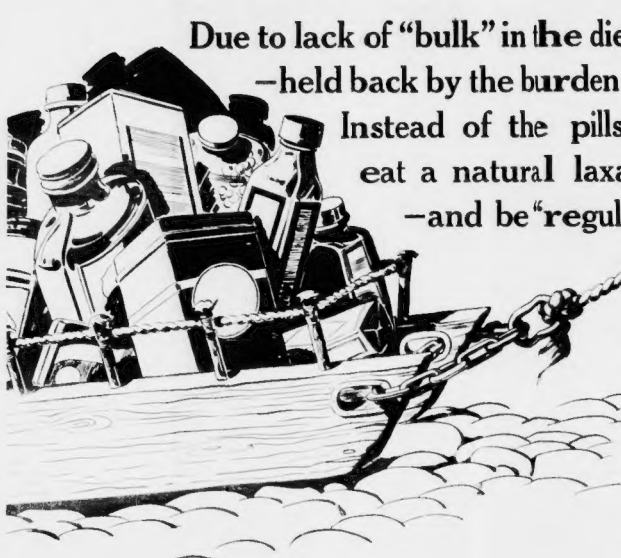
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TOILET SOAP

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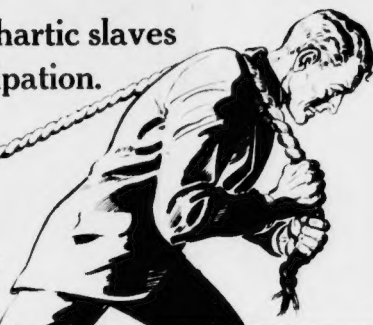
Don't Let the BURDEN OF MILLIONS Hold You Back!

Due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, millions are cathartic slaves
—held back by the burden of common constipation.

Instead of the pills and purgatives,
eat a natural laxative food
—and be "regular."



Being constipated is a drag on your vitality. You feel bogged down. You tire easily. You lack the energy to get ahead. The natural laxative food, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, may be what you need.



It's not what you do eat but what you DON'T eat that's likely to cause common constipation. The reason is that modern meals pass up Nature's age-old regulators, the laxative parts of wheat.

Loss of these "regulators" from modern diets has greatly increased common constipation. If your trouble is the LACK of these essentials, harsh cathartics are not the way out. They may relieve temporary distress but they do not work on the CAUSE. And their continued use tends to leave your intestines strained and weakened.

Stop Abusing Your Intestines

Get back the rest that comes with being "regular." Instead of over-stimulating your intestines with strong purgatives eat a NATURAL laxative food—Kellogg's All-Bran.

All-Bran will keep you "regular" as the clock's tick, but it works so differently from harsh cathartics. This laxative food gives your intestines two things they need—vitamin B and "bulk."

Vitamin B — the Intestinal Tonic

Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural source of vitamin B, the amazing vitamin that tones your intestinal tract and helps promote regular movements. And All-Bran supplies "bulk"—it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass aids elimination. Vitamin B and "bulk" are just as good for you as they are effective. They work WITH Nature not AGAINST her.

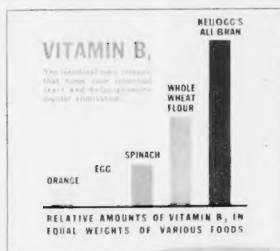
Kellogg's All-Bran is a complete food of cereal. You can eat it just as it comes from the package with milk or cream and fruit. Or take it into delicious muffins or cookies. All-Bran gives them a refreshing nut-sweet flavor.

To keep "Regular" You Must Be Regular

But however you eat All-Bran, use it regularly. Follow this daily routine:

1. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every day.
2. And drink plenty of water.

Every grocery store sells All-Bran. Made in Kellogg's Battle Creek.



BETTER HEALTH—BETTER PAY!
Free from the double burden of common constipation and cathartics, you feel better, work better, get ahead faster.

Join the "Regulars" and Enjoy the World

ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 cups baking powder

Cream fat and sugar thoroughly and egg and beat until creamy. Stir in All-Bran and milk, put into muffin machine. Bake on top. Bake from 10 to 15 minutes. Sprinkle with brown sugar and raisins. Or sprinkle with brown sugar and raisins. Or sprinkle with brown sugar and raisins.



ALL-BRAN WITH FRUIT

Eat All-Bran just as it comes from the package with milk or cream. Or sprinkle a couple of tablespoons of it over any kind of fruit or any other cereal.

Kellogg's All-Bran also makes delicious cookies, waffles, nut bread, griddle-cakes, etc. It gives them a new, chewy texture and delightful flavor. See recipes on every package.



FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE HEALTH RULE

1. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every day.
2. And drink plenty of water.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED WITH MAIZE, SUGAR AND SALT

ALL-BRAN'S HEALTH BONUS—IRON

In IRON content, by weight, this 18 oz. package of Kellogg's All-Bran



= 6 1/4 lbs. fresh spinach



OR 5 1/2 lbs. raisins

